

For the Children

THE LITTLE GENTLEMAN.

I knew him for a gentleman
By signs that never fail;
His coat was rough and rather worn,
His cheeks were thin and pale;
A lad who had his way to make
With little time for play;
I knew him for a gentleman
By certain signs to-day.

He met his mother on the street;
Off came his little cap.
My door was shut; he waited there
Until I heard his rap.
He took the bundle from my hand,
And when I dropped the pen,
He sprang to pick it up for me—
This gentleman of ten.

He does not push or crowd along;
His voice is gently pitched;
He does not fling his books about
As if he was bewitched.
He stands aside to let you pass;
He always shuts the door;
He runs on errands willingly
To forge or mill or store.

He thinks of you before himself;
He serves you if he can;
For, in whatever company,
The manners maketh man.
At ten or forty 'tis the same—
The manner tells the tale,
And I discern the gentleman
By signs that never fail.

—Margaret E. Sangster, in the Chicago Intelligencer.

THE TWINS.

Cecil Trout Blancke.

Dorothy was very proud. Her mother had gone away to spend the whole morning and left her in full charge of the twins, Donald and David. To be sure Lizzie was in the kitchen, and Miss Jones was up in the sewing room, making innumerable buttonholes on innumerable little garments. But the real responsibility was Dorothy's, and hers alone.

She sat in the big armchair with a baby on each side. They were as much alike as "two peas." How terrible it would be if she should get them mixed! Donald was the twin with the blue shoes, while David's shoes were white; otherwise who could have told them apart? She must be sure to remember.

There was only one other way. Donald's one word was "doodle," while David could say "tee," meaning see.

"Dorothy," came Miss Jones' voice from the top of the stairs, "leave the babies in the pen just a minute, dear, while I fit this guimpe." The pen was a fenced-in square, where the twins amused themselves for hours, throwing their toys over the fence and fishing them in again through the rails.

So Dorothy left them for "just two minutes" while Miss Jones fitted the little guimpe for the new Sunday-school dress.

When she came back the most awful thing had hap-

pened! The twins were barefooted. They gurgled with delight at their new accomplishment. Donald's lip quivered, while David's big blue eyes filled with tears when Dorothy scolded, instead of giving them the usual word of praise.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" wailed the little girl, "you're all mixed up! What shall I do? What shall I do?"

The babies looked at her wonderingly. There was only one way. They must be made to talk.

"Tee, doodle!" said Dorothy.

"Tee!" said Donald and David.

"Doodle!" said Donald and David.

Her plan had failed! "Oh, oh, what shall I do now?" Dorothy sat down on the floor and cried. Donald and David sat down in the pen and cried, too.

And thus mother found them.

"Why, what is the matter?" she asked after looking to see that all were sound of limb.

"Oh, mother, they're mixed, they're mixed! What shall we do?" sobbed Dorothy. "We never shall be able to tell them apart."

To the little girl's surprise, mother laughed.

"Shall I tell you a secret, Dorothy?" she asked as she took all three children on her lap.

She held out Donald's little bare leg. There, on the white flesh, was a tiny brown mole.

"This is Donald," said mother, pointing to the mole, "and now Dorothy knows mother's own secret way of telling her babies apart."

"Tee!" said David, putting a chubby finger on his twin's equally chubby leg.

"Doodle!" responded Donald cheerfully.—The Sunbeam.

PAKA, THE CAT.

This is the story of Paka the Cat.

If there are three or four men walking along and only one woman, the cat will turn aside from the men and follow the one woman.

Now the reason for this is the story I am telling you.

In the beginning Paka sat in the bush, till one day she felt the pain of hunger.

So she came down to the shore, and there she met a serval who has hunting the crabs of the shore. So Paka went up to the serval and said, "Good morning;" and the serval said, "Who are you?"

"It is I—Paka."

"What do you want?"

"I want to follow you about and so get food."

So the serval said, "Very good, then. Here, eat these crabs."

So Paka ate of the crabs, and she followed the serval many days.

Till one day there came a leopard and fought with the serval and killed him.

So Paka thought in her heart: "Now, this one was not a manly one; he who is the man is the leopard." So Paka went up to the leopard and saluted him, "Good morning."

So the leopard said, "And who are you?"

"It is I—Paka."

"What do you want?"